

Rue Clegg had scribbled these words on an envelope just before he left for Mexico, where he met his untimely death. They are not just words. As anyone (who knew Rue) knows, a mountain, in truth, owned him . . .

Your editor

I own a mountain, so awesome and sublime,
My deed is of record; it is mine, all mine.
Ledges full of fossils,
A million tons of stone,
My taxes are receipted and its my very own.

I own a mountain which rose from ancient sea,
Thrust into the heavens
Waiting just for me . . .
Filled with countless mysteries
In its massive fold,
Laid out in gigantic pattern;
Magic to behold.

My mountain in its wondrous beauty
Speaks at length to me.
Its voice is reminiscent
Of its ancient sea.
Its silent thunder in my heart
An echo now awoke;
To words of truth I listened
As my mountain spoke.

"Oh, thou foolish mortal,
In this moment of time,
Would thou in impudence call me thine?
Yes, my son, thou owned a mountain in fee,
But now I, thy mountain, own thee. . .
Now I, thy mountain, own thee."

It is now possible to sail up past Utah's lovely Bridal Veil Falls in a sky boat and land at one of the most unique structures to be found anywhere . . . a big pent-house hanging out over the almost perpendicular cliffs of Cascade Mountain. Here, you may now dine and dance, literally on top of the world.

It is worth the price of the trip to watch "Texas" George Sullivan (one of the few surviving cowboy cooks) in his ten gallon hat, cutting out his famous sour-dough biscuits with a (Coors) beer can! His chuck wagon dinners are "out of this world."

This newest of Utah's many tourist attractions is an unusually bold and imaginative accomplishment. Every part and parcel of this unusual pent-house had to be hauled to the top of Cascade Mountain via (or when too bulky, instead of) the sky-boats. Every big steel girder, timber, fixture, right down to the last shingle nail, made this perilous route to take its place in the construction of a pent-house.

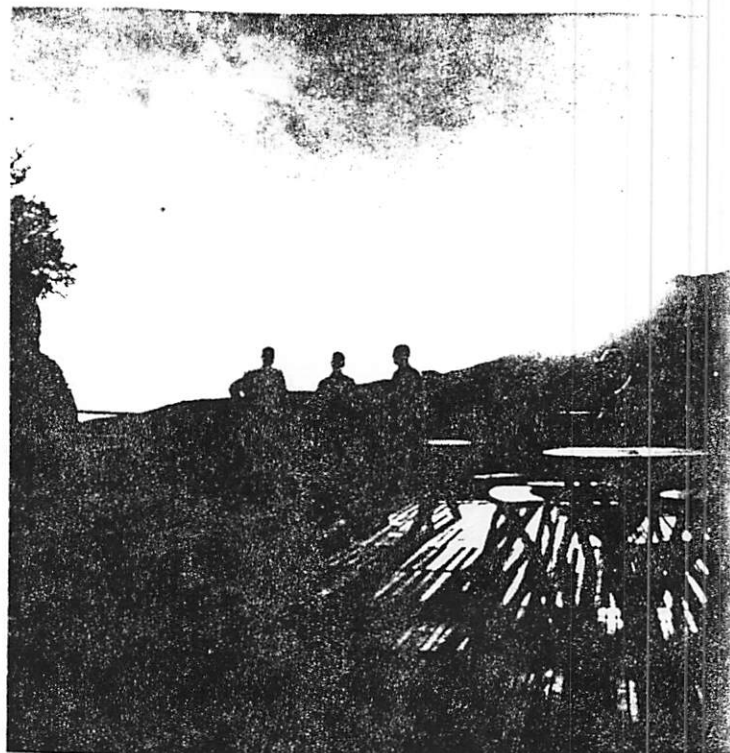
I watched the operations, skeptical of the outcome. As bucket brigades were organized to transport the sand, gravel, and cement from the highway to the top terminal, I looked up to the top of the mountain, 1250 feet above the floor of the canyon, and doubted that this could ever be completed.

But completed it was, using methods almost as crude as those used in the building of the pyramids. Rue Clegg supervised the completion of another phase of a dream in one short season.

Now, thousands of people are taking this unique pilgrimage up past Bridal Veil Falls to inquire, "How in the world was this ever done?"

How was it done? . . . It was done through the perseverance, courage and unwavering loyalty of one man to one dream. A dream that began when Rue Clegg fell in love with a waterfall at the age of five.

A DREAM REALIZED



A view from the sky-deck of the upper terminal of Clegg's Bridal Veil Falls. In addition to dining and dancing, you will find something absolutely breathtaking about the view and atmosphere from this sky-deck.

The amazing story lies not in the building of SKY-RIDE and the PENT-HOUSE; the real story lies in the man responsible for this scenic wonder. For it was only after 53 years of struggling through law school and practicing law, dabbling in politics (thoroughly enough to leave his mark in the laws of our state) and finally retiring, that Rue Clegg had the opportunity to fulfill his dream . . . to glorify his beloved waterfall for the enjoyment of all peoples. Rue used to climb the mountain opposite the waterfall and see it in true perspective. He knew that others would not do this, so he built a tramway, the steepest in the world, to carry people up past the falls and see the falls as he had seen them.

Rue spent many hours gazing out over the valley from the top of Cascade Mountain. He walked many miles absorbing the beauty that was the Upper Falls. He built a pent-house at the upper terminal so that people might enjoy this view — summer or winter — in comfort.

The trails that Rue once walked were steep and rugged. Rue paid out large sums of money and unraveled much red tape before he could smooth these paths and build fences, for those not so sure footed, at the top of the Cascade Mountains.

Rue Clegg passed away in Mexico in December of 1963. He had not finished planning, he had not completed his dream. His wife, Margaret, will carry on with his plans. But it remains; Rue Clegg gave to Utah a unique

(Continued next page)

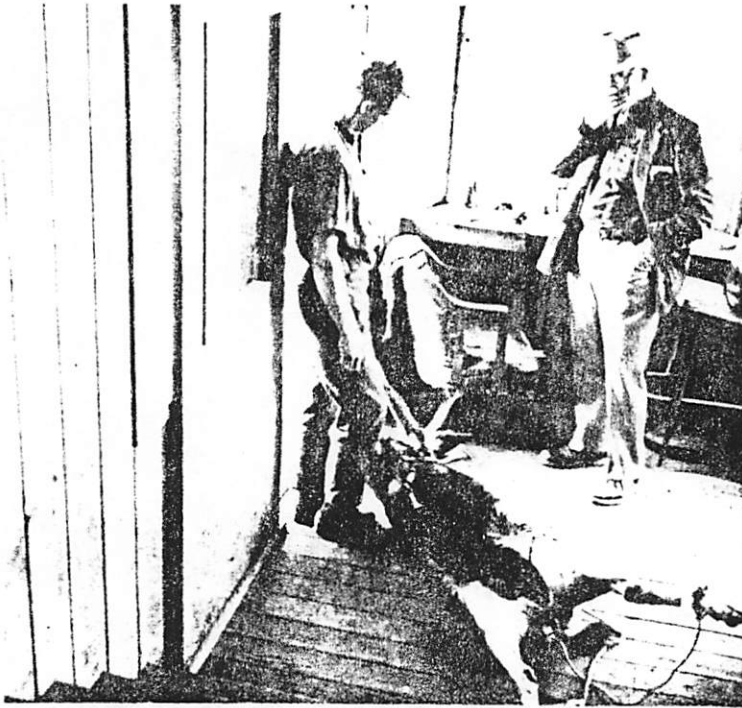
A DREAM REALIZED (cont.)

and unusual attraction, never as big as the man, but an undying memorial to this man who gave so much of himself to the State of Utah.

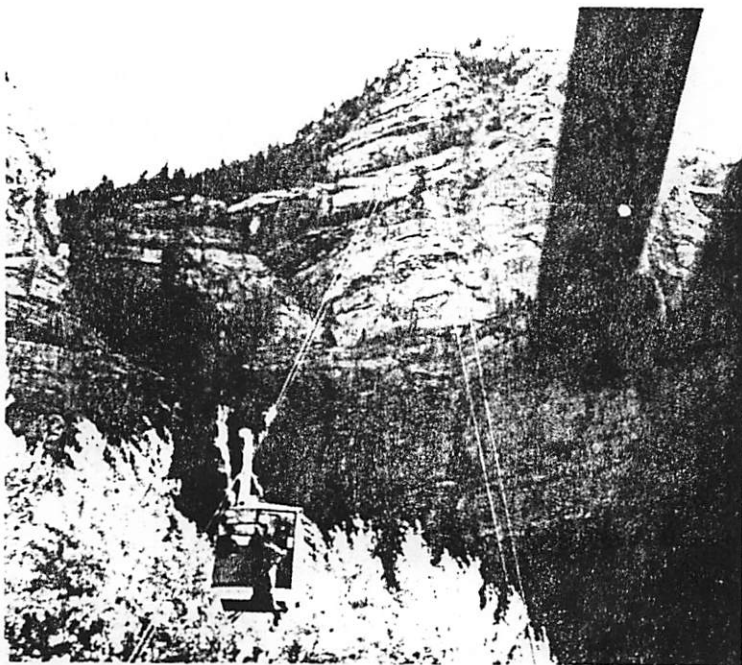
Rue's banker spoke at his memorial services and, perhaps, told us all there was to tell about this man with one phase, "Rue wasn't interested in whether or not he could make any money at Bridal Veil Falls."

We who knew and loved Rue Clegg will look upon Bridal Veil Falls and what Rue accomplished there as much more than a tourist attraction.

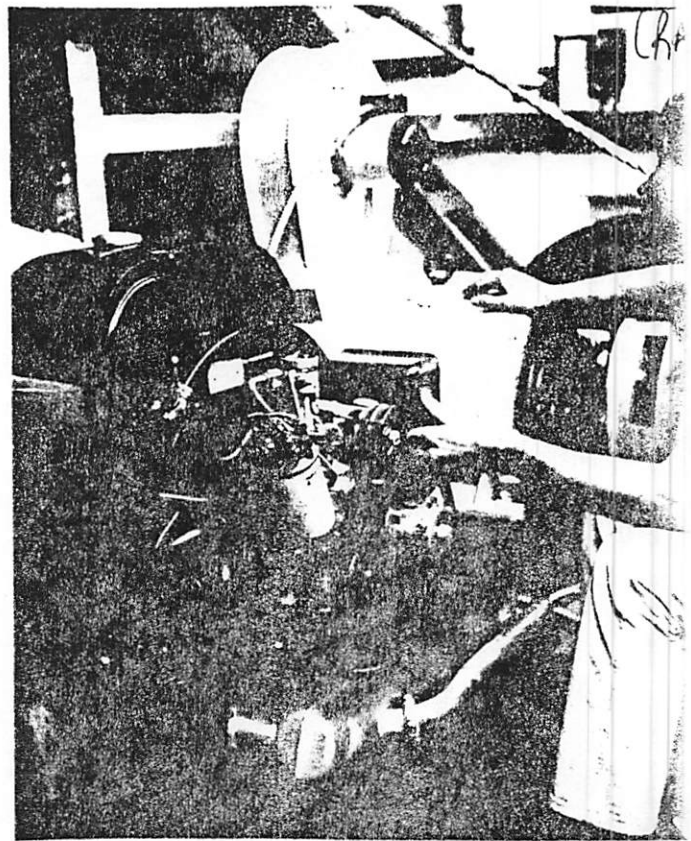
Perhaps knowing not only *how* it was done but *why* it was done is the story behind the Pent-House and Skyride, at Rue Clegg's beloved Bridal Veil Falls.



One of the boys got his deer on the mountainside above the upper terminal. "Take it down, but let's not get the cable car dirty on the inside," mused Rue Clegg.



And here we have another fascination of Skyride at Bridal Veil Falls . . . Deer Delivery Delux!



One of the most frequently heard questions at Bridal Veil Falls is, "What happens if the power goes off?" This has happened just once. A new Volkswagen engine is maintained as auxiliary power, in the event that it is needed. It sputters, stops, sputters again, and takes



Rue Clegg throws the switch, putting the brake on manual control and people, who were wondering how they might have to get down off mountain, landed safely at the lower terminal. It took about ten minutes instead of the usual three.